

VALENTINE

1.01
FAITH
PART I of II
(pilot)

by
Greg Bunch

WGAE #I02702-00

713 Hardwicke Dr.
Knoxville, TN 37923
(p) 865.406.2890
(e) gregbunch@gmail.com
(w) www.fabricationist.blogspot.com

TEASER

OVER BLACK:

Caption: "**Faith** (faith) n. **1.** Confident belief or trust in a person, idea, or thing. **2.** Loyalty; allegiance. **3.** Secure belief in God and acceptance in God's will."

OVER CAPTION:

VALENTINE (VO)

Faith...you either have it or you don't. If you do, you spend every day trying to keep it. If you don't, you spend every day trying to find it. Because if truth finds you first, you don't have a chance.

FADE IN:

INT. TSOJ-HOME OFFICE-OMEGA'S ROOM-DAY

Legend: Somewhere in the English countryside.

ANGLE ON a girl's small hands as they manipulate a pair of Barbie and Ken like dolls. The dolls kiss, then move toward the door of a doll house

PULL BACK TO
REVEAL:

OMEGA (6) wearing a precious pink dress with white frill that matches the tops of her socks. Her shoes are small black patent leather with a buckle. She looks like she doesn't have a care in the world.

CUT TO:

INT. TSOJ-HOME OFFICE-KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON a silver tray sitting on the edge of a counter. Two hands in white gloves with black jacket cuffs finish placing upon it the customary accoutrements of tea. A silver pot, sugar bowl, a small plate of crumpets and a small china tea cup and saucer.

CUT TO:

INT. TSOJ-HOME OFFICE-OMEGA'S ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Omega, still playing, suddenly stops and looks up as though someone has entered the room.

CUT TO:

INT. TSOJ-HOME OFFICE-HALLWAY-CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON the tray as it's carried down a long hall which ends in a door framed by the light of the room beyond it.

CUT TO:

INT. TSOJ-HOME OFFICE-OMEGA'S ROOM-CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON the door as it opens revealing the tray.

ANGLE ON the tray as it is placed on a small table.

ANGEL ON tea being poured.

In the distance, Omega stands, facing out a large picturesque window. She stands very straight, her hands clasping the dolls behind her back.

The tea now poured, the pot is set back on the tray,

PULL BACK TO
REVEAL:

A BUTLER of the old school in full tux and tails. He is in his sixties, his hair thinning and grey.

He gently clears his throat.

BUTLER
Miss. Tea is served.

He waits. Omega does not turn. Just as he begins to clear his throat again Omega turns slowly and looks at him. There is a wisdom about her that is unnerving.

BUTLER (cont'd)
Is something wrong Miss?

Omega looks down for a moment then raises her head. She fixes the Butler with a small smile of apology.

OMEGA
It is time.

The Butler pauses, taken aback by what Omega has just said.

BUTLER
Yes Miss.

The Butler bows courteously then turns and leaves the room quietly shutting the door behind himself.

Omega turns and stares back out the window. As the SOUND of the Butler RUNNING down the hall slowly fades.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROWNSTONE-HELLS KITCHEN-THE CITY-NIGHT

Legend: 9:00 PM EST. Hells Kitchen, The City

A brownstone is burning. Flames lick and punch through the holes where the windows used to be.

People are running scared from the gaping mouth of its front door, clutching possessions and small children.

The last person runs out as the flames explode out the front door.

ANGLE ON the people as they huddle together across the street, comforting each other.

SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

CU on an OLD MAN in the crowd as he stares at the building, his eyes widen in horror.

ANGLE ON the front door. Through the wall of flames a figure can be seen moving toward the opening.

ANGLE ON the crowd as they all begin to look toward the door.

EXT. BROWNSTONE-FRONT STOOP-CONTINUOUS

A MAN IN A SUIT emerges and begins to walk down the steps. His suit, smoldering but not burnt. His face, a charred horror.

He walks down the steps then passes by the gaping mouths of the bystanders, his smile a wide crooked tooth grin. He doffs his hat as he moves away down the street, trailing smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. TSOJ-HOME OFFICE-HALLWAY

ANGLE ON the Butler's feet as he runs down the hall. At the end of the hallway a closed double door stands framed by the light within. The hall is windowless and lined with stoic framed portraits of old men.

The VOICES of men arguing can be heard faintly from behind the door.

CUT TO:

INT. TSOJ-HOME OFFICE-BOARDROOM-CONTINUOUS

ANGEL ON door as it swings open. The Butler stands there, his breath labored. He enters, composing himself first, then turns, shutting the doors behind himself.

PULL BACK TO
REVEAL:

EIGHT MEN sitting evenly around a large round table. They are all dressed in stodgy British suits of varying tweeds. Most are smoking either pipes or cigars. A small cloud of smoke hangs above them.

They are all staring at the Butler. SILENT.

A rather portly man, in his mid sixties, with a beard withdraws his pipe from his mouth. He is seated directly opposite the door. This is ALPHA. He is obviously in charge.

ALPHA

Yes?

The butler takes a small bow. His breathing laboured.

BUTLER

Sorry to disturb you Sir. But...

ALPHA

Go on.

The butler hesitates, scared of what he is about to say.

BUTLER

It is time.

ALPHA

Have we made contact?

BUTLER

No word as of yet Sir.

ALPHA

Very Well.

Alpha nods and places his pipe slowly back in his mouth.

He waves the butler away.

The butler exits. The room is still with silence and smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. TSOJ-HOME OFFICE-HALLWAY-CONTINUOUS

The Butler, his task complete, takes a moment to rest against the closed door. His face suddenly gives way to the fear he has kept hidden until now.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CITY-ALLEY-DAWN

Legend: 7:00 AM EST. , The City

The rising sun cuts a razor sharp line across the ground, slowly revealing the alley. As the light encroaches on the darkest corner of the alley it begins to REVEAL a body.

The body is crouched on its hands and knees, its skin a light absorbing hairless white. Before the light reveals the figure in its entirety it begins to rise.

ANGLE ON brick wall as the shadow of the rising form stands. It stretches as though liberated after a long containment in a very small box.

As it raises its arms over its head another set of appendages begin to extend from its back. Stretching, they unfurl into an expansive pair of wings. He is an ANGEL

CUT TO:

EXT. BABEL-THE CITY-DAWN

A MAN in a dishevelled suit and hat stumbles drunkenly out of a door. Above the door hangs a sign reading "BABEL". Its neon flickers and goes out with the closing of the door.

The man stumbles and stops, staring at someone we can not see.

The man straightens himself up then smiles and doffs his hat. Satisfied, he stumbles on.

CUT TO:

INT. BABEL-MORNING-CONTINUOUS

CU on a hand as it wipes off the surface of a wooden bar.

A BELL RINGS as the front door is opened.

PULL BACK TO
REVEAL:

The bartender, who looks up. This is WORD. He is a small dwarf of a man in his forties. He looks like a small replica of a circus "strong man", handle bar mustache and all. He is looking toward the door.

BARTENDER
(stuttering)
We're closed.

In the door stands a Woman in her thirties wearing a sensible grey jacket and skirt, her hair pulled back into a tight bun. Thick black framed glasses do not distract from her underlying beauty. This is MS. JENKINS

WOMAN
I'm looking for Garibaldi
Valentine.

The bartender hikes a thumb toward the back of the bar, continuing to clean.

MS JENKINS'S POV

The bar is completely empty except for one man, GARIBALDI VALENTINE.

He's passed out, his head resting on the bar.

His face is covered with stubble. Small bubbles and dribble move in and out of his mouth with his breath.

RESUME

The woman stands in the door dumbfounded. This couldn't possibly be the man she is looking for.

WOMAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You're sure that's him?

*

BARTENDER
(stuttering)
Oooooooh yeah.

CUT TO:

END TEASER

ACT I

INT. VALENTINE'S OFFICE-DAY

ANGLE ON Valentine's face, resting more comfortably now on a sofa cushion. He seems peaceful.

WOMAN (OS)
I hope carrying you isn't part of
the job description.

He begins to stir. His eyes pry open breaking their dried seals. Like a fish out of water his mouth opens and closes, smacking the air.

A cup of coffee is placed under his nose as he begins to rise to a seated position. He still isn't quite awake.

VALENTINE
I'm not payin' for it. I don't
remember it.

He takes a sip of coffee. The pauses to think of what to say next.

VALENTINE (cont'd)
How was I?

WOMAN
Heavy.

Valentine attempts to survey his surrounding, but is confused.

VALENTINE
Where am I?

WOMAN
Your office?

Garibaldi attempts to throw off his stupor and looks around again. Recognition slowly returns to his face.

The office is small but comfortable. A sofa, desk, chair, coffee pot, and small bar fridge. He takes a sip of the coffee then looks back up at the woman.

VALENTINE
Yeah it is...so your not a...we
didn't? (pause) Who are you?

WOMAN
Ms. Jenkins, I'm here about the ad.

Valentine looks confused.

WOMAN (cont'd)

You placed an ad...for a Secretary.

Valentine begins to stand, but can't quite make it on his own. Ms. Jenkins moves to help him. She grabs him by the elbow till he's standing upright.

VALENTINE

I don't need a secretary.

Ms. Jenkins lets go and Valentine falls back down on the couch. Hot coffee spills in his lap. This wakes him up and he quickly stands again.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

What the hell did you do that for?
(looking at his coffee stained
pants) Jesus.

Ms. Jenkins grabs the pot of coffee and walks over to Garibaldi and grabs the cup of coffee out of his hand.

She flops up the lid on the pot and pours Valentine's coffee back into the pot then turns and heads for the bathroom..

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Hey...what's your problem lady?
That's my coffee.

MS. JENKINS

I made it. You can make your own.

She begins to pour it out.

VALENTINE

WAIT...

Ms. Jenkins stops pouring the coffee into the sink. And turns back to face Garibaldi who stands there staring at her in bewilderment.

MS. JENKINS

Yes?

Valentine is awkward, unsure how to handle the situation.

VALENTINE

Just...just hold on a second. Lets
not be rash.

ANGLE ON pot still held precariously over the sink. Valentine can be seen in the distance his eyes glued to the pot.

VALENTINE (cont'd)
Just don't pour it out.

Ms. Jenkins smiles devilishly.

MS. JENKINS
What do we say?

Valentine hesitates a moment unsure what the magic word is.

VALENTINE
Give me the damn coffee.

Ms. Jenkins begins to pour out the coffee into the sink.

VALENTINE (cont'd)
PLEASE!

Ms. Jenkins stops pouring the coffee out.

Valentine holds out his mug. Ms. Jenkins moves forward and pours him another cup.

MS. JENKINS
(condescending)
See, that wasn't so hard.

VALENTINE
(sarcastically)
You're right...thanks. (he takes a sip) Wonderful coffee...but you know what I'd like even more?

MS. JENKINS
What?

VALENTINE
For you to leave.

Ms. Jenkins looks at Valentine for a beat.

She puts the coffee pot back and begins to collect her things.

She heads for the door then stops just shy of leaving.

MS. JENKINS
It's times like these that I wonder how Creationists can live in this world and not believe man evolved from apes.

VALENTINE

It's too bad you don't like
monkeys, or I'd introduce you to
mine.

Ms. Jenkins gives Valentine a look that would kill normal
men. She leaves slamming the door behind her.

Valentine shrugs it off then sits down behind the desk and
reaches down retrieving an almost empty fifth of whiskey from
a drawer. He looks disappointedly at the contents then begins
to empty what is left into his coffee.

VALENTINE (cont'd)

You could've backed me up you know.

Valentine looks back down in the direction of the drawer.

ANGLE ON the desk drawer. In the drawer sitting groggily on
his haunches is a white faced capuchin MONKEY.

VALENTINE (cont'd)

By the way...

The monkey looks up innocently.

Valentine holds up the whiskey bottle pointing to a black
line three quarters of the way down its side.

VALENTINE (cont'd)

...I've been markin' the bottle.

The monkey looks away like a child caught in a lie.

Valentine leans back and begins to savor the coffee. He
closes his eyes waiting for his hang-over to pass.

VALENTINE (cont'd)

(under his breath)

Shoulda' gotten a dog.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING-STAIRWAY-CONTINUOUS

Ms. Jenkins is pissed as she walks down the stairs.

MS. JENKINS

(under her breath)

Show me his monkey.

She reaches the door at the bottom of the stairs.

INT. BUILDING-FOYER-CONTINUOUS

She flings open the door.

MS. JENKINS
I'll show him a mon...

Her last word turns into a YELL of surprise.

An old HOMELESS MAN wearing tattered cast-off clothing, with blood smeared on his face, hands, and clothing falls forward into Ms. Jenkins arms. She catches him.

HOMELESS MAN
(barely audible)
Valentine.

CUT TO:

INT. VALENTINE'S OFFICE-BATHROOM-CONTINUOUS

Valentine stands in his bathroom, his shirt off, studying himself in the mirror.

Taking a hand towel he runs it under the water and cleans his face. He puts toothpaste on his finger and brushes his teeth.

He washes his mouth out with water then takes a sip of the coffee. Bad combination. He grimaces and swallows and begins to cough.

He steadies himself with his hands on the edge of the sink until the coughing subsides. He spits in the sink.

He reaches over to his shirt hanging on the door and removes a pack of cigarettes. He pulls a lighter from his pocket and lights the cigarette.

As the cigarette starts to catch a COMMOTION can be heard outside his office door.

Valentine moves out of the bathroom and toward the office door. He slips on his shirt as he goes.

Valentine reaches the door to his office and flings it open. He stops and looks down.

INT. VALENTINE'S OFFICE-RECEPTION AREA-CONTINUOUS

Ms. Jenkins, a bit disheveled is kneeling over the homeless man who lies prostrate on the floor.

The man is dressed in ragged second hand clothing and a large well worn jacket. His boots are a combination of preexisting shoe material and generous amounts of cloth and tape. There is blood all over his clothing as though he had been bleeding for quite some time.

Valentine takes a drag on his cigarette and points to the man.

VALENTINE

Let me guess, my new valet?

Ms. Jenkins has the man's wrist feeling for a pulse.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Why is he bleeding on my floor?

Ms. Jenkins is now furious.

MS. JENKINS

Help me move him to your sofa, or
he won't be the only one bleeding
on your floor.

Valentine weighs the validity of the threat then realizes he is in no shape to argue.

Valentine moves to the old man picking him up by his arms. Ms. Jenkins grabs the old man's feet. Ashes from Valentine's cigarette fall on the man's jacket as they move him into the office.

MS. JENKINS (cont'd)

Put that cigarette out.

INT. VALENTINE'S OFFICE-CONTINUOUS

They lay the man on the sofa. He stirs in pain. He groans a few times then passes out again. Valentine removes the cigarette from his mouth and extinguishes it under his foot.

Valentine stands there staring, unmoved. He's like a curious child who has only questions.

MS. JENKINS

I almost tripped over him in the
stairwell. I didn't know what else
to do.

VALENTINE

That's why they invented 911. It's
the modern way to care. I'm gonna'
finish freshening up.

Valentine turns to move away.

Suddenly the man grabs him by the wrist. Valentine starts to pull away.

OLD MAN
(hoarsely)
Valentine...I need Valentine.

MS. JENKINS
He needs some water.

Ms. Jenkins moves away to get some water.

Valentine moves closer to the man's face.

Ms. Jenkins returns with the water.

Valentine takes the glass from her. He puts it to the old man's lips. The old man takes a few struggled sips then begins to cough.

The old man leans his head back and closes his eyes in a wince of pain.

The old man's eyes widen and a serenity over takes his face. His pain all but forgotten.

Ms. Jenkins has begun to peel back his clothing to find the wound and stop the bleeding. The Old man stops her with his hand. He shakes his head and smiles sadly. He is beyond help. Ms. Jenkins withdraws her hands.

The old man turns his gaze from Ms. Jenkins back to Valentine. He raises his hand to Valentine's face. Valentine does not move or react.

OLD MAN
They're coming.

Valentine is confused by this.

VALENTINE
Who?...Who's Coming?

OLD MAN
It is time.

VALENTINE
Time for what? Less cryptic, more specific. OK?

OLD MAN
If you do not follow it, it will
follow you.

Valentine looks to Ms. Jenkins for an answer. She has no more
of one than he does.

OLD MAN (cont'd)
It is your destiny.

The man begins to cough uncontrollably. Valentine gives him
another sip of water.

Settled again, the Old Man struggles to remove something from
his neck. It is a chain with an AMULET at its end. The Old
Man hands the chain and amulet to Valentine.

OLD MAN (cont'd)
Take this.

The Old Man's hand tightens clamping the amulet firmly in
Valentine's grasp.

OLD MAN (cont'd)
It will lead you to the truth.

With that the old man has nothing left in him. He slowly
reclines his head back. A few breaths later he is dead.

Valentine sits a moment beside him. Ms. Jenkins stands
quietly over the both of them. Valentine slowly opens his
hand, and looks at the amulet.

ANGLE ON the amulet, flat and gold in color. The outer ring
is split into 72 separate units denoted by etched lines.
Within each division is an engraved number. In the center of
the ring is a triangle. Within the triangle is Hebraic
writing. On each side of the triangle is written a word also
in what appears to be Hebraic.

He looks at Ms. Jenkins who seems a bit shaken by the whole
thing.

VALENTINE
You still want to be my secretary?

MS. JENKINS
(composing herself)
I guess.

VALENTINE

Then fix another pot of coffee and
get Jeremiah Mort on the phone. His
number is in the Rolodex.

MS. JENKINS

What about the police?

VALENTINE

What about 'em?

CUT TO:

INT. VALENTINE'S OFFICE-LATER

JEREMIAH MORT, a man in his mid sixties dressed in a dark
wool suit is bent over the body of the old man.

He looks like an undertaker. Yet there is something quite
cherubic about his face. His small wire framed glasses give
him the look of a very wise man.

Raising himself, he extends a hand out to Ms. Jenkins who
gives him back his hat.

JEREMIAH

(to Ms. Jenkins)

Thank you my dear.

VALENTINE

What do you think?

JEREMIAH

I think you should call the police.

VALENTINE

Can't.

JEREMIAH

Then what do you plan to do? Let
him rot here. Trust me, you'll
never get the smell out.

Valentine stares at Jeremiah like a boy asking his father to
buy him a toy.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Out of the question. They could
take my licence away Garibaldi.

VALENTINE

Who's gonna' know? I won't tell.